Haſt. His grace lookes cheerefully and ſmooth to day,
Thers ſome conceite or other liks him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with ſuch a ſpirit,
I thinke there is neuer a man in Chriſtendome,
That can leſſer hide his loue or hate then hee:
For by his face ſtraight ſhall you know his heart.
Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhewed to day?
Haſt. Marry that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue ſhewde it in his face.
Dar. I pray God he be not, I ſay.

Enter Gloceſter.

Glo. I pray you all, what do they deſerue
That do conſpire my death with diueliſh plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild
Vpon my body with their helliſh charmes?
Haſt. The tender loue I beare your grace my Lord
Makes me moſt forward in this noble preſence,
To doome the offenders whatſoeuer they be:
I ſay my Lord they haue deſerued death,
Glo. Then be your eyes the witneſſe of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blaſted ſapling withered vp.
This is that *Edwards* wife, that monſtrous witch,
Conſorted with that harlot ſtrumpet *Shore*,
That by their witchcraft thus haue marked me.
Haſt. If they haue done this thing my gracious Lord.
Glo. If thou *Protector* of this damned ſtrumpet,
Talſt thou me of iffs? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head: Now by Saint Paul,
I will not dine to day I ſwere,
Vntill I ſee the ſame, ſome ſee it done:
The reſt that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, manet*
Haſt. Wo, wo for *England*, not a whit for me. *Ca, with Haſt.*
For I too fond might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But I diſdaind it and did ſcorne to flie,
Three times to day my footecloth horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtarted when he lookt vpon the Tower,

As loth to beare me to
Oh now I warrant the
I now repent I told th
As twere triumphing
How they at *Pomfret* b
And I my ſelfe ſecure i
Oh *Margret*, *Margre*
Is lightened on poore
Cat. Diſpatch my Lo
Make a ſhort ſhrift he
Haſt. O momentary ſ
Which we more hunt
Who builds his hopes
Liues like a drunken ſa
Ready with euery nod
Into the fatall bowels o
Come leade me to the
They ſmile at me, that

Enter Duke of Glo

Glo. Come coulen, can
Murther thy breath in
And then begin againe
As if thou wert deſtr
Buc. Tut feare not me
I can counterfeit the dee
Speake and looke back
Intending deepe ſuſpit
Are at my ſeruice like
And both are ready in
To grace my ſtratagem
Glo. Here comes the
Buc. Let me alone to
Glo. Looke to the dra
Buc. The reaſon we
Glo. *Catesby* ouer lo
Buc. Harke, *I* heare a
Glo. Looke backe defe
Buc. God and our ino
Glo. O, O, be quiet,

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